AMERICAN AVIATION CORPS IN ACTION FILLED WITH THRILLS AND CLOSE CALLS

FRENCH FRONT, May 13, (Correspondence of The Associated Press).—The aviator is an early bird and here, where the nightingale abounds, it is a close race between them to bed at dusk and to the fields at dawn.

The nightingales were rioting in song this morning when the pilots of the Franco-American Flying Corps were making their way to the aviation camp and daylight had just peeped over the horizon when Captain H——, commander of the group, ordered: "Bring out the machines!"

Long-planed machines resembling small sheds, and shot-winged machines which in comparison dwindled to the proportions of devil flies, rolled on the field and were pushed on the run to their places until twenty-eight were lined up. Captain H——— gazed at the low-lying cloud—excellent mask for a flotilla crossing the enemy's lines—and ordered: "Tell the Americans to be ready." The Americans, grouped behind their swift chasers, listened to final instructions from Captain T——, who commands the Franco-American flotilla and is proud of it. The din was then too great for verbal orders to be heard, and a soldier with a white signal flag ran into the field while pilots and machine gunners leaped to their seats. The flag was raised while the motors buzzed like a swarm of gigantic bumble bees. The flag dropped and Captain H———s big biplane rose to lead the column. The flag was raised and dropped at intervals of about thirty seconds, and each time a pair of the bigger machines followed until nineteen of them were filing toward the German lines.

The big machines were gone but the noise increased as the propellers of the smaller but more powerful and swifter biplanes were set in motion.

It was time for the Americans—specialists in speed. The first big plane was approaching the cloud's when, with a bound, Captain T——— rose; then followed Lieutenant Delaage of the French Corps, Lieutenant William Thaw, Pittsburg; Sergeant Elliot Cowdin and Corporal Victor Chapman, New York; Sergeant Norman Prince, Prides Crossing, Mass.; Corporal Kiffen Rockwell, Atlanta, Ga.; Coorporal J. M. McConnell, Carthage, N. C.; and Sergeant Hall, Galveston, Texas.

These little biplanes with powerful motors are the fruits of the evolution of aviation during the war—built to match the best German machines in speed, carrying only the pilot, a machine gun and the minimum requirement in fuel. Instead of rising gradually like their predecessors, they bound upward with an ascensional power heretofore unattained. They are so dangerous in a fight that the pilot has to go into the adversary's territory to hunt an engagement. That was what the Americans, especially chosen for these machines were to do.

The faster machines, last away, are first back, for the fuel supply with them is sometimes a close fit and not a second is to be lost. Seven chasers and at the same breakneck pance, and with the same precision.

The eighth sems to flutter as it approaches, tips and dives fitfully. Field glasses are levelled at him. "He's had his tail piece carried away," cries one. "It's Thaw," says another, "and there's something wrong with his propeller." Alternately rearing, diving, and sliding on its wing, the machine comes down convulsively like a wounded bird.

"He's going to break a bit of wood!" exclaimed a French soldier, expressing in characteristic aviation language the prospect of a smash. The machine rears again after a dive which took it dangerously close tothe earth, veers around abruptly against the wind, bumps along the ground a hundred yards and stops. "Thaw's one of the few pilots who could bring home a busted machine like that," said a soldier.

"But where's Chapman?" All the big biplanes are now in and pilots and soldiers are all searching the sky aanxiously. Then a cry comes from the field. A speck has just emerged from the clouds. Chapman, driven out of his course by the shelling in which Thaw's propeller was damaged, had finally found his way, and lands now with the last drop or gasoline in his reservoir.

ENGLISH SOLDIERS TAKE WIVES FROM FRENCH PEASANT FAMILIES

(By Associated Press.)

PARIS, June 9.—One of the results of the presence of the British army in France is that a good many British soldiers will take French wives home with them. The difference in language, far from being a barrier, in an accessory. Tommie Atkins teaches Miss France English and Miss France teaches Tommie Atkins French.

There is plenty of leisure for the courtship to develop. Frequently British battalions remain in the same section for months at a time. When the men have done their shift in the trenches they return, "in rest" as the saying goes, to the same villages where they were before. Usually they have quarters in the French houses. In a sense they become members of the community.

With the French men folk away the British soldier lends a hand with any heavy work which requires a man's strength. Only today the correspondent saw a British soldier drawing a harrow. A feminine hand does some sewing or cooking for him in return. The romantic atmosphere is not lacking. When the Briton say "au revoir" to his sweetheart and starts for the trenches he may never come back; and he is going to fight for France.

On Sunday afternoons the girls are out in their best frocks as they are anywhere else in the world, and walking with them along the roads and lanes are men in khaki; their conversations are a mixture or French and English.

It is not romance alone that leads the Briton to marry in France. He has learned to admire the thrift and cleverness of the French woman and her industry in taking the place of her fathers and brothers who are at the front.

WHOLESALE ASSASSINATION INFANTS STOPPED BY MEDICAL MILK INSPECTION

(By Associated Press.)

CINCINNATI, June 9.—In an address before the American Association of Medical Milk Inspectors today, Dr. J. H. Landis, of Cincinnati, discussing "Pure Milk," devoted himself chiefly to presenting facts tending to show that the reduction in the death rate of a municipality brought about by the purification of its milk supply, is practically the same as that caused by its change from a polluted to a pure water supply. In Cincinnati, he said, the average yearly saving of lives by compelling a pure milk supply was 453.

"Wholesale assassination of Cincinnati's infant populatioin, he said, had been carried on for years, when the milk industry was largely in the hands of dairymen who fed their cows almost exclusively on distillery slop. Cows were chained with their noses in a slop trough from the time they were received in the farm until they passed into the hands of the butcher. The dairy barns were dark and reeking with liquid manure. The cows were plastered with this material, as were many of the workmen, and the finished product had a generous supply when it reached the consuming public. What has been accomplished in changing these conditions had been chiefly made possible by employing on full time as health officers competent specialists under a non-partisan board of health.

The Cincinnati plan eliminated milk inspection by a physician on part time and placed it in the hands of a graduate in veterinary medicine on full time. R. B. Blume, D. V. S., an employe of the United States bureau of animal industry, was chosen, and to his industry, honesty and courage the results obtained are largely due.

One of the Cincinnati regulations gives the health officer the authority to dump milk that shows visible sediment in the container. This regulation was rigidly enforced against those who peraistently fought all attempts at improvement. Milk permits were revoked, and in numerous instances prosecution in police court drew fines ranging from twenty-five to four hundred dollars. In a few instances, perfectly respectable gentlemen had opportunities in the quiet of the city jail, to meditate on the uncertainties of a milk producer's career. Formerly prosecution meant a little temporary, creap notoriety, with a tinge of martyrdom thrown in; now, if a man is arrested for some gross violation of the regulations, he loses caste in his community and is classified as a cheap crook or a plain "bonehead."

Opposition to pasteurization was pronounced at first, but at the present time if any one desired to start a riot backed exclusively by the milk industry, the one sure way would be to try to eliminate pasteurization in Cincinnati. Through pasteurization, the dealers have practically eliminated all waste and have completely escaped outbreaks of milk-borne infection, with attendant loss of trade.

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